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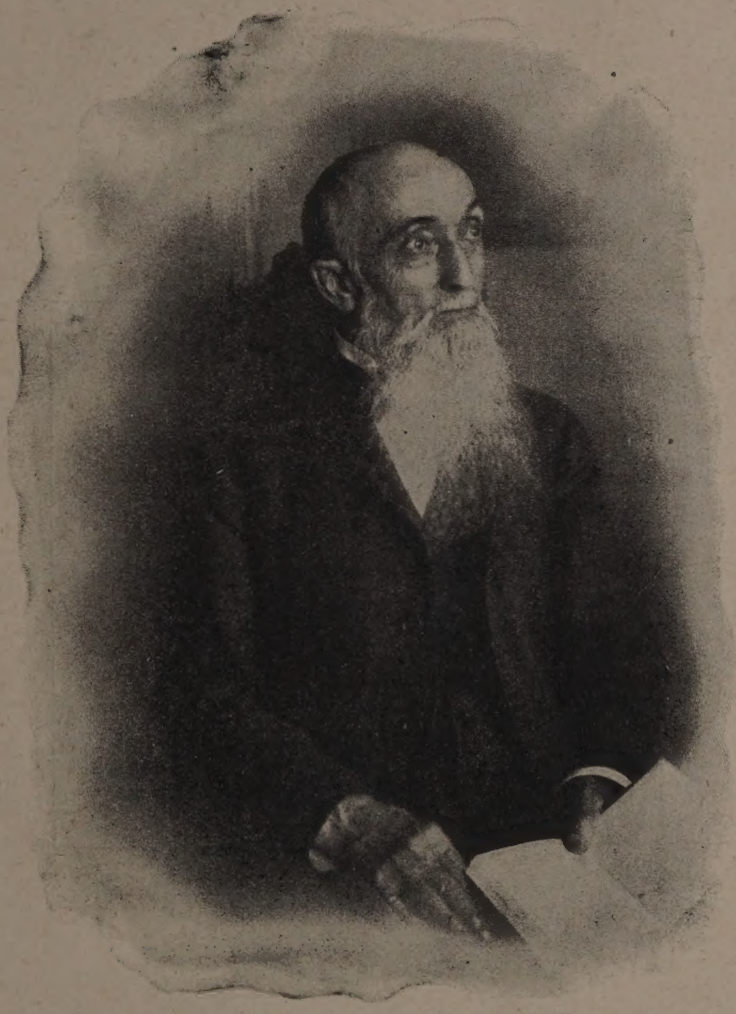
UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LII. CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 10, 1903. NUMBER 2



HON. CHARLES CARROLL BONNEY.

PRESIDENT OF THE WORLD'S CONGRESS AUXILIARY OF THE WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.

BORN SEPT. 4TH, 1831; DIED AUG. 23RD, 1903.

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Unity Publishing Company, 3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago.

From an Indiana Subscriber:

"Find enclosed my yearly subscription to UNITY. In looking back over these years I find that it has been a potent factor in my highest and best thoughts, in all that has made life worth living. In a recent number Mrs. Severance 'classified' me also to 'my comfort' as 'having only the gift from God of loving superior persons.' One meets so many of these in UNITY that I feel as if I go once a week and meet with the best company possible. * * * I want to say that our M. E. pastor is a constant reader of UNITY; in fact I had forgotten that I am supposed to have turned Methodist, so completely have denominational lines fallen away since he has been with us. He has been here five years and will be returned to us again the coming year.

UNITY

VOLUME LII. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1903. NUMBER 2

We join with the *Congregationalist* in commending the recent action of Governor Bates, of Masachusetts, in his attempts to suppress the rowdyism, gambling, and other desecrations of Sunday at the popular summer resorts along the shore.

We commend to the cabinet officers of the United States the wisdom of a Japanese cabinet officer, Pagan though he may be, when in a recent speech he said:

No matter how large an army or navy we may have, unless we have righteousness at the foundation of our national existence we shall fall short of the highest success. I do not hesitate to say that we must rely upon religion for our highest welfare.

Three hundred and fifty years ago last month, Michael Servetus was burned at Geneva for his Unitarian heresies. Now the Presbyterian students of Geneva are collecting funds for the purpose of erecting a monument to Servetus on the place where his ashes fell. Confessedly the purpose is one of tardy expiation and humble confession.

Senator Beveridge, of Indiana, has discovered, according to recent utterances of his, that "we Americans are a profoundly religious people." Senator Beveridge is also the man who advocates our divine right of conquest in the Philippines. He has said that Washington was great on account of his opportunism, his sagacity to do the available. On these lines the religious character of the American people is quite manifest.

An English exchange tells of a lady who offered a penny to the man who rescued her from drowning, and on his refusing this she offered him six-pence. This story is probably printed as a pleasantry, but the humor is grim. This rescued English lady is typical of a large class on both sides of the water and of both sexes, who assume that money is an adequate equivalent for all service rendered; that money can buy safety here and go far towards procuring salvation beyond.

The following from the *Christian Life* (London) of August 15th deserves to be passed on. It is an item of news worth publishing. Exchanges please copy.

The awful catastrophe in the electrical "Tube" railway in Paris this week, in which more than eighty persons perished, has at least served to emphasize once again Milton's lesson that the heroisms of Peace are to the full as noble as those of War. In the Parisian journals a vivid account is given of the steady courage with which the city firemen went down into the suffocating tunnel to bring out the bodies of the eighty-four victims. "Without the panoply and music and excitement which sustain the soldier on the battlefield, they pressed on one after another into the dark cylinder, from which the poisonous smoke was pouring, and where the air was so foul that it extinguished their torches. They saw their comrades come out of it gasping for air, with beards and eyebrows scorched off. But still they pressed on."

Florence Nightingale still lives to send greetings to the students of the Nightingale Home for Training Nurses, which was founded fifty years ago. In this message she says: "The nurse's life is a moral and practical life; not a life of show but of practical action. May each one of you strive with the best there is in her to act up to her profession and to rise continually to a higher level of thought and practice, character and dutifulness." These words are as pertinent to those who would nurse ailing spirits as to those who are devoted to ailing bodies. Perhaps the highest conception of a minister of religion is that of a trained nurse in the realm of soul.

W. T. Harris, Commissioner of Education for the United States, has been clearing the atmosphere around the religion-in-public-school question in the address recently given before the National Education Association of Boston. He has but little use for the minimum of religious instruction asked for by the advocates of the Bible in public schools. Here is a sentence quite to the point at this time of re-organized Sunday Schools and renewal of church work: "Religious instruction should be surrounded with solemnity. It should be approached with ceremonial preparation so as to lift up the mind to the dignity of the lessons received. * * * There is no revelation possible to the mind immersed in trivialities and self-conceit."

Rev. J. R. Campbell, the successful English Evangelist, who has been the honored guest of many of the leading American cities, has returned to England, leaving behind him a theological spasm in orthodox circles. The *Literary Digest* says, "His frank avowal of Universalist views has aroused considerable interest." And the *Universalist* well says, "He is the man of the hour, not only in redeeming Congregational orthodoxy from a doctrinal blight, but in so enlarging the fellowship of that church as to make it inclusive of Universalists." If his visit will have the effect of inspiring other orthodox ministers to speak out their full minds concerning the horrible doctrine of endless punishment and the cruel God that lies back of that doctrine, his visit will indeed prove evangelistic.

Christendom, a Chicago religious weekly, has discovered that Chicago is "the leading theological center in the country—one of the leading theological centers, if not the theological center of the world." This claim is based on the fact that Chicago at the present time is the home of six different theological seminaries. But the word "theology" suggests something more than funds, buildings and professors. One is tempted to ask how much original thinking and scholarly leading in the realms of religious thought and

organization are generated in this distracted center of theological seminaries. When Father Taylor counted seven church spires in a little New England village not large enough to properly sustain more than one church, he said, "Christianity has gone out of this town and the devil has come. We may be sure there is fighting all along the line among these starving churches." Perhaps Chicago must reduce the number of its theological seminaries before it can ever become the theological center.

The *Christian Life*, one of our London exchanges, comes to us with an American story so full of beauty and suggestiveness that we hope it will stand verification. It tells how John Wanamaker, whose success as a Sunday School superintendent rivals his success as the merchant prince of Philadelphia, wanted to build a larger Sunday School room and asked each of the scholars to bring a brick or its equivalent. Little Emma Burgess, a consumptive girl, went about and gathered old bones until she had enough to secure a dollar in exchange at the factory. This dollar she joyously carried to the grateful Superintendent, whose eyes were bedimmed with tears as he learned its story. Not long after, little Emma crossed the river, and the story of the dollar was told by her coffin. A teacher put the story into verse, and wherever the poem went a subscription came. These in the end aggregated sixty thousand dollars, and the new school room was built. Let no one miss the point of this story. The best grace is found not in the new building, the sixty thousand dollars, nor yet the poem, but in the dollar's worth of old bones gathered by the feeble hand of a sickly girl for a cause she loved.

Hon. C. C. Bonney.

This name will invoke many pleasant memories. It will conjure up many striking pictures and will touch many of the deepest chords in the souls of those who were fortunate enough to come in contact with the immaterial side of the great Columbian Exposition in Chicago. As the years recede, the Court of Honor around which the great White City grew and flourished for six months, fades into indistinctness; its potency grows less and less, and succeeding generations will distrust the rhetoric that described it and suspect the enthusiasm of the day. But the immaterial exhibit that presented its wares for six continuous months in what is now the Art Institute Building on the Lake front, seven miles away, grows more and more significant in the estimation of the intelligent. And the head of all this spiritual exhibit was the Hon. C. C. Bonney, who, after a long, lingering illness, has recently passed into the next great reality. Mr. Bonney was the directing genius under whose hands grew the great Columbus and Washington Halls, each capable of seating twenty-five hundred or more people, surrounded by a nest of twenty-eight or more lesser halls, class rooms and committee rooms, with the necessary offices connected therewith. Into these walls he poured the never halting stream of congresses and conferences, representing all the various scholastic, humanitarian, civic and industrial interests of the day in their academic forms, crowning the whole with the great Parliament of Religions which not only comprised the central meeting which for seventeen days occupied the two great halls and many of the minor ones with the universal interests of religion, but also scores of denominational conferences and special religious interests, many of which were deemed of such importance by the organizations involved that the proceedings were published in permanent form, constituting many attractive volumes.

Mr. Bonney was not simply the executive head and director of the large clerical force that made these meetings methodical and deliberate, with the minimum of friction and scarcely a jolt or collision, but in the line of his regular duties it became his task to speak the words of welcome which in many cases arose to the dignity of an inaugural address, of all these varied interests. Three, four, or more of these addresses were made daily for many weeks in succession, and, to the marvel of everybody concerned, the speeches were always gracious, pertinent, pointed, and oftentimes eloquent. Had he done nothing during these six months other than deliver these opening addresses on subjects so widely divergent, reaching from drainage systems to kindergartens, from Presbyterianism to Unitarianism and beyond, it would have been a most phenomenal manifestation of brain, an almost unparalleled evidence of mental fertility, social affability and spiritual hospitality. But Mr. Bonney did much more, as has already been intimated.

Mr. Bonney's preparations for all this were not those of the recluse or the scholastic. He had won a leading position at the bar and has been before and since prominent in movements of civic reform, particularly in the Law and Order League of the country.

But Mr. Bonney was a lawyer with religion; a man of affairs who believed in ideas. His own faith was that of the Swedenborgian church, which he held with enthusiasm and urged with skill. In this communion he was a lay reader widely honored—one of the unfrocked bishops of the movement.

At the close of the Columbian Exposition Mr. Bonney applied himself with great diligence to the task of adequately perpetuating the record of this many-sided manifestation of the non-material achievements of mankind, the spiritual triumphs of humanity brought down to date. In this direction he was but partially successful. Here for the first time his enthusiasm and resources proved inadequate.

The secret of much of Mr. Bonney's success in connection with these congresses was his orderliness. He was methodical to a high degree. His records were peculiarly full and the files in his office were exceedingly rich. It was Mr. Bonney's high purpose to secure the publication of the proceedings of all these congresses and Parliament in a uniform and permanent manner, but the courage of the local directory was exhausted in the happy culmination of the Exposition itself, and the national government, to which he very properly carried his petition, turned a deaf ear. It would have cost half a million or perhaps more to give these stately volumes being. It was estimated that it would represent a mass of material equal in

bulk perhaps to the Encyclopedia Britannica. It was confessed that the very bulkiness of it would place it beyond the reach of either the purse or the time of the ordinary individual. But Mr. Bonney justly replied that it would prove an encyclopedia of civilization in 1893, and as such it would prove an invaluable addition to the libraries of the world, a great storehouse of technical information and special inspirations. And what if it did cost a million dollars or more? Has not our government hastened to pile up six million dollars in one battleship, a devil engine of destruction? Has it not ungrudgingly appropriated four or more millions to the building of a post-office of questionable architecture in the city of Chicago, a building whose exterior elevations and interior arrangements will probably be outgrown before they are completed.

C. C. Bonney is dead, but his records doubtless are still essentially intact. He wrought mightily and failed in his attempt to put the crown of permanency on his great achievement. But many of those who labored with him remain, and generations are coming who will ask, "Why was this waste of the ointment made?" They will look for the records and miss the helpful traditions. Is it too late yet?

The St. Louis Exposition is fast hastening to its completion. From all accounts it will outreach the material exhibit of the Columbian Exposition. The last World's Fair, as it should be, is always the greatest. But let St. Louis look well to its honors. The time has gone by when the noblest elements in the civilization of the world will be satisfied with an exhibit of things, however brilliant the exhibit may be, and if St. Louis shrinks from the higher task of arranging conspicuously the mental wares of civilization during these great exposition months, it will at best be but a brilliant side-show, forever subordinate to the exhibit of the Columbian Exposition. St. Louis has had its millionaires; they have been lavish with their money. State and national appropriations have been abundant, but lacking a C. C. Bonney, a David Swing, a Dr. Barrows, a Bishop Keane and others who worked with them in shaping an exhibit of soul, it will lack the indispensable requisite to the highest success. Finding these, it will find the world more ready to appreciate, more prompt to co-operate in this exhibit of mind than it was in 1893.

Sidney Lanier.

Poet of fancy and fervor,
Master of music and song,
Nature's interpreter, seer,
Prophet of right out of wrong,—

The nightingale's voice thou hast borrowed,
The lark singeth clear in thy rhyme,
And melody, beauty, and sweetness
Are blended in heavenly chime.

Pure is thy soul; and thy vision
Unclouded, transcendent, and bold,
Pierceth form and shadow of substance
To the Spirit that never grows old.

—*Henry S. Brown.*

Moral of the Prize Ring.

The great slugging match is over, and while we are in the big ground swell of the slowly subsiding public excitement it may be well to ask ourselves a few questions. And first of all, how shall we account for the very lively interest that is sure to be aroused by the announcement of a first-class prize fight? It will do no good to be dishonest and to claim that such interest does not exist. It does exist.

Not everybody, of course, but many, many thousands and tens of thousands, from the professional thugs and plug-uglies up to the very top of society, are always more than ready to read about a mill between a pair of giants in a prize ring. And why? There is a reason for it. What is that reason? The answer takes us back a long way into the past, to the time when human nature was chiefly animal, and when the greatest factor in the world was brute force.

The Stone Age, now to be found only in spots, was once universal; and in that dismally realistic time man had to depend almost wholly upon his muscle, assisted by such cunning as he was able to command. In his battle with fellow cave man, and with cave bear, and woolly rhinoceros and hairy mammoth, the future "lord of creation" had to watch out for the most favorable chance to use his club. The club was his only salvation; and it is not at all strange that he grew to think very highly of it. Upon his club, and the big, thick muscle behind it, depended his very life. In order to live in those stormy days one had to be a "bruiser." Docility, gentleness, amiability, would have meant instant death. There was, of course, in that early humanity a nascent morality, but it was centered in the idea or feeling that "might made right." Now there is nothing that develops so slowly as human nature. Civilization moves very tardily, even when compared with the sloth or the tortoise. John Fiske assures us that mankind has been on this earth for at least 500,000 years, and yet it was only some 7,000 or 8,000 years ago that the race began to show the characteristics that we have agreed to call civilization. Even to-day the world of mankind is civilized only in spots and for a very short distance below the surface. To-day the animus of the Stone Age is still seething under the thin crust of twentieth century politeness. Hence the very easy and natural fashion in which we find ourselves warming up to the story of a prize fight. The interest is explained by the not-yet-eliminated barbarism within us. The avidity with which we turn to witness or to read about a slugging match is a result of the fact that we are still under the spell of the old worship of brutal force. Chronologically, we are a long way from our club-wielding ancestors, but as yet we are morally so near them that we are still able to witness with delight the triumph of sheer muscular might.

But while humanity moves slowly it cannot be for a moment doubted that it moves, and that it moves in the right direction. For instance, while we still seem to take delight in seeing or in reading of a prize fight, we are not slow to perceive its unspeakable coarseness and brutality. We are interested, but in confessing the fact we involuntarily hang our heads in shame. The shame is proof positive of a moral advance. Slowly but surely the race is moving toward the point where prize fights will be impossible.—*Rev. Thomas B. Gregory. (Reprinted from the Chicago American of August* 19, 1903.)

This above all, to thine own self be true,
And it must follow as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

—*Shakespeare.*

The World's Freeman.

Free of the world! by right divine
The earth, O 'prisoned soul, is thine.
Rise up! come out! in sun and air
Claim and possess thy rightful share.
Within thy dark and lonesome cell
It is thy choice, not fate, to dwell.
Whatever thou canst hear or see
Of grand or sweet is meant for thee;
And every joy for which thy heart
Can gladden shall be thine in part;
And every sorrow thou canst share
For thee its blessed fruit shall bear.

Thou call'st "thine own" a narrow spot,
And frettest; but hast thou forgot
That far, and far, this earth is spread,
The one sky stretching overhead?
One earth, one sky, one common air,
One household, 'neath one Father's care.
Thou toil'st to build thy selfish walls;
But when the evening shadow falls,
Thy Father's voice thou'lt gladly hear,—
"Come home, my child, for night is near!"

Then, looking backward o'er thy day,
Thy walls will show as children's play,—
As children's play who set apart
Their garden-beds with careful art,
What time their father claims alone
The whole wide garden as his own.

Lo! where no parted claim may be,
A mighty love makes all things free,—
Come forth! in love and life divine,
Thou child of God! the world is thine.

—*Harriet Ware Hall.*

One Fox.

A red fox was sent to a gentleman in New York as a gift. The family were somewhat embarrassed by the gift, as the house was not adapted to the needs of a fox accustomed to a whole wood as a playground and a big cave for his home. Besides, when a fox has grown up with the idea of caring for himself, he does not wait for regular meal-times. This fox fed at any moment and on anything within reach that struck his fancy.

Mr. Fox found himself living in the cellar and tied by a rope—certainly not a comfortable place or position for a fox who loved freedom and sunshine. The fox family have always been considered clever, and this fox was not stupid. He managed to free himself, and suddenly appeared in the kitchen, to the horror of the cook, who left it at once and refused to return. The whole family became an army to capture Mr. Fox. They began by throwing to him everything he would eat. This did not make him any more gentle, so a keeper at the menagerie was sent for. He entered the kitchen, and Mr. Fox ran to the cellar and up the coal-chute. Now he was captured and taken off to the menagerie.

How glad he must be to live out in the sunshine once more and see the trees in the park! If foxes have a language of their own, no doubt this fox has terrified all the others in the inclosure by telling them of those dreadful people, called human, who shut foxes up in dark holes.—Exchange.

Love Strong as Death.

THE HINDU WIDOW.

It is told of Bhashkaracharya, the mathematician, that he had but one child, the maiden Lilavati. Casting her horoscope carefully, he discovered that there was only one moment in her life when she could be married without fear of widowhood. Preparations were made for the wedding accordingly, and the father himself constructed an instrument by which to regulate the time of the ceremonies. Water would be admitted drop by drop through a certain hole, from one pot to another, and its reaching a given height was the signal for the sacramental act.

The marriage-rites began, but the child Lilavati grew tired, and went wandering from room to room in search of amusement. In some obscure corner she came upon an unaccustomed-looking pot, and leaned over its edge to watch how the inner section was gradually sinking in the water which it contained. As she did so, a tiny pearl fell all unnoticed from her wedding-crown, and stopped the hole through which the water passed! Time went on, but the vessel sank no further. "Ah!" exclaimed Bhashkaracharya sorrowfully, when, the hour already past, he found the jewel that had frustrated all his caution, "it is useless for man to fight against his Destiny!"

Within some few weeks or months, the little bride was left a widow. But now her great father resolved to make of her a woman so learned that she should never sigh for earthly happiness—a resolve in which he succeeded to such an extent that to this day it is not known whether the abstruse treatise named "Lilavati" was merely dedicated to her, or if she asked the questions to which it contains the answers.

This story is history. But simple instances abound in every village. The kind widowed aunt who lives in the opposite house to ours, did she not count every soul in the Calcutta lane, together with her brother's children, as hers? "Do not leave this country," she would say to some member of the household every now and then, "for you know I count you all my bairns!" When the men in the next house died of cholera, it was not we, the European neighbors, but this Pishi-ma of ours, who was first on the scene with disinfectants. When the immediate necessity of cleaning the whole house was explained, it was still another and older widow lady who hastened to carry out the work with her own hands. Indeed, whenever one is called in time of need, one finds a group of widow-women already present. There is no act of nursing that these are not ready, and even eager to perform; no disease so loathsome or dangerous that they will not gladly take a sick child into their arms; no injury so bitter that it will prevent their weeping sorrowful tears of sympathy with the injured in his hour of pain and loss.

It is quite natural that widows should be more free for the civic life than other women. Wives have their husband's comforts to attend to, and mothers their thousand and one maternal cares. But the widow, and above all the childless widow, in her agony of solitude, can hear the sobs of children not her own, can stretch hands across the desert of her own mourning to those who are ill, or in poverty and desolation. In the last generation lonely women had still more power and scope than they have now. I have heard of one who never sat down to the mid-day meal till a servant brought her word that every soul in the village had already eaten. Almost every family can remember some aged dame of its own who was famed for her skill in all sorts of remedies for man and beast. The very cow-goddesses, who are worshiped in Himalayan villages in time of cattle pestilence, may

have been actual Hindu women of this type, raised to the rank of deities. But the last half-century in India has been rapidly accomplishing the decay of the middle classes, and with this decay, brought about by the shrinking of wealth in its old channels, the fall of woman, in social and material power, proceeds apace. Yet still the widows represent the intellectual centers amongst women. The more modern they are, the less likely is it that they can read off Sanskrit verses, but the more probable that they read books in their vernacular. In any case, they produce the saints, and the position of a woman-saint in India is such that no man in her neighborhood will venture on a journey, without first presenting himself before her veiled form, taking the dust of her feet, and receiving her whispered blessing.

Widows have constantly distinguished themselves, especially in Bengal, as administrators of land and wealth. Of this pattern was the great Mahratta Queen, Ahalya Bai. Her husband died, while waging war with Holkar and Scindia, and her first act was to disband her armies, and send word to sovereigns that she was at their mercy, a defenseless woman. The expected result followed, in the complete abandonment of all hostilities. After which, Ahalya Bai Rani lived and reigned for many a long year eating the Hindu handful of rice of her own cooking, and spending her great revenues in public works on the largest scale.

For the wife becomes the heir, when a man dies during the minority of his son, and even if the latter be already of age, his ownership of the estate is by no means free and complete during the life time of his mother. The whole world would cry shame if he acted without her occasional advice, and indeed the Indian women's reputation for business-capacity is so like the French, that it is commonly said of encumbered property that it needs a widow's nursing.

In such a case, there is, however, for the wealthy woman one temptation. Throughout her married life, her relation with her father's house has remained close and intimate. At least once a year, if not oftener, she has returned to it on a visit. Her eldest child was born there, under her own mother's care. Her girlhood's friends have perpetually renewed her youthful memories, by hastening to see her, on her arrival, and talk over old times. It was many a year before the revival of familiar associations ceased to make her wholly a child again, so that she would run bare headed down the lane to a neighbor's house, rejoicing in the unaccustomed freedom of the fact that the only men she was likely to meet were practically her own brothers, for she had played with them in babyhood.

But if the relation to her early home and to her past be thus deep and exquisite, what are we to say of the bond that knits together the Hindu sister and her brother? Here is the tie that offers to the woman of responsibilities her great temptation. For it is considered hard, and yet essential, for one who administers a dead husband's wealth not to bestow it in these channels, not to submit to management and direction, not to transfer possession gradually from the one house to the other. And the very insistence upon the dishonor of such a course is in itself testimony to the affection that tempts. The perfect wife is she who loves her husband with a love that forgets even father and brothers, if need be. But how arduous is such perfection to attain! And one day in the Hindu sacred year is known as "The Festival of Brothers," because on it sisters are visited and give their benisons. And so, even about the detached life of the married woman, made independent of the father's care, early associations continue to twine and grow stronger. They never cease to be an organic part of her life, and if stress of her existence throws her back upon them, she knows that on which she leans, that it will not fail her at her need, or prove a false staff, breaking in her hands.

And yet her natural longing, on the first day of her widowhood, is to remain, unless forbidden by his poverty, in the household, of her father-in-law, for herein lies all her loyalty to the dead. Nay, it will often happen that even a child-widow will be anxiously retained by her husband's parents, as a token, in some sort, left by him who is gone. All the glory of womanhood lies in such things as these. Even in her own home too, a widow has the right to be exacting on a thousand little points regarding her dead husband. Do her father and brothers not remember the great days of obligation of the household into which she married? Do they require reminder, instead of hastening to be beforehand with her, in suggesting the gifts and offerings she would do well to send? Ah, then, is it only herself for whom they cease to wrong themselves, or do they forget his dignity, who should be as near as their own blood? And for her own part, she watches with solicitude all that passes in the family whose name she bears. Is a new bride received amongst them? From her own diminishing store of jewels will be sent some trifle—may be only a couple of tiny gold jasmine-flowers for the ears—by the bereaved to the newly wedded daughter-in-law. Or, she hears of sickness, and arrives to nurse. She comes to wait on the aged, or will assume charge of the young, while grave elders go on pilgrimage. All this implies a rectitude of social ideals that tends to make it difficult to divert the income arising from alliance.

Over and above her alleged common sense, on the other hand, an estate that passes into the hands of a woman-ruler enjoys the economic advantage of her freedom from personal extravagance. For the energy with which a widow pursues abstinence is extraordinary. To this day, she lives in an ancient India, created by her own habits. In Calcutta, she drinks only Ganges-water, holding that the Municipal supply is contaminated by European use. She will eat only rock-salt, in order to avoid the pollution of manufacturing processes. When ill, she accepts treatment only from the old Indian doctors—the vaidyas and kavirajes—and pays fantastic sums for their medicines, if they come from Benares, or some other seat of classic learning. If well, she eats one meal of cooked food prepared with her own hands, at or after mid-day, and only a slight refection of milk, fruit, and unleavened bread, at night fall.

Her hair is cut short (or in some parts of India, the head is shaved), perhaps originally to remove the temptation of beauty, but as far as custom knows and questions, only that she may bathe the more frequently and easily—every bath conveying to her the notion of a baptism. Such is her ordinary routine. Her occasional dissipations consist in a pilgrimage, an extra visit to a temple at dawn or after sunset, or attendance at some ceremony of epic recitation. It is not well said that she knows no extravagance?

It is because her life is holier than that of others that no hand must touch her food, though she may prepare and serve the meals of any in the house. For the same reason, if questions of precedence arise, she stands higher than married women. Will she not rise before dawn to tell her beads, or sit for an hour in meditation? Then, when her room was cleaned and ordered, did she not go to the river for the morning bath? Returning, with the wet sari that she had washed, according to daily custom with her own hands, did she not don the silken garment and pass to that ceremonial worship, with flowers and offerings, that lasts for at least an hour or more? Only when that worship was ended, could she begin to think of

cooking her meal and with the waning of the afternoon she falls again to the telling of beads, right hand and rosary both concealed in a little bag. At the moment of "candlelight," she passes once more into actual meditation. Then an hour's chat, the frugal evening meal, and to bed, to begin at dawn on the morrow again the daily round.

An incomparable moment in the history of a Hindu family is that of the return to it of a young daughter freshly widowed. Unspeakable tenderness and delicacy are lavished on her. A score of reasons for the mitigation of her rule are thought out and urged. In spite of her reluctance, the parents or parents-in-law will insist. Sometimes the whole family will adopt her austere method of living for a few months, and keep pace with her self-denials step by step, till she herself discovers, and breaks the spell. "Well, well!" exclaimed an old father brooding over the ruin of his child's happiness at such a crisis, "it was high time for me to retire from the world, can we not renounce together, little mother?" And while she is supported by her father's strong arm, the mother's wings are opened wide to fold closer than ever before, the bird that has flown home with the arrow in its heart. Indeed this union of theirs has become proverbial, so that if some small son be uncommonly helpful and chivalrous to his mother, friendly neighbors will say, in banter, "But this is no boy! This is surely your widowed daughter, mother." So pass the years, till, it may be, the mother, herself widowed, becomes as a child, falling back upon the stored and garnered strength of her own daughter. Life ebbs; but discipline gathers its perfect fruit, in lives stately and grave and dignified for all their simplicity and bareness in character that are the hidden strength alike of village and of nation, in an ideal of sainthood justified; an opportunity of power created.

In the long years of her mature life, we picture the Madonna standing always beneath the Cross. And we are right. But patience! not for ever shall she stand thus. It shall yet come to pass that in high heaven a day shall dawn on which, wearing the self-same meekness, clothed in the self-same humility, the Mother of Sorrows shall be crowned—and that by her own Son!—*Sister Nivedita, reprinted from New India.*

The Church of Manhood.

"I am afraid of these new things," he said,
Yet thought he loved the law of God in sooth,
But only from the past the now he read,
He was afraid of love's advancing truth:
It seemed so strange to think the ancient things
Were really dead and would revive no more;
To sense the fact his conscience burns and stings,
He would the old in former pride restore:
Nay, bid it go, the while we cling to this—
The new times give as happy growths of God;
Here is the tree of life whose fruit is bliss;
Here are new flowers as gift of Spring's warm sod;
Here is the broader thought of man today—
As one in purpose, plan, and life indeed;
And bound as one we'll live a better way,
And in life's service show the higher creed;
The priestly church may go, but in its place
Shall living men unite in law of love,
And helpfulness shall be the mark of grace,
And prove us one with saintly souls above!

—William Brunton.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Third Series.—Citizenship and the Duties of a Citizen.

By W. L. Sheldon.
Lecturer of the Ethical Society of St. Louis.

CHAPTER VI.

THE STATE AS THE SERVANT OF ITS CITIZENS.

Dialogue.

Again the subject is "our country," and we must go on talking about "what service we receive from our country."

So you assume that if there were no danger from war, and if people would keep the peace among themselves and not injure one another, we should have no need for government nor for a country?

Does our government do nothing more for us than this? You hesitate? Tell me. Did any of you ever put a letter in a letter-box? "Oh, yes." What became of it? "Why, somebody came along and collected it from the box and took it to the post office."

But what became of it, then? What was done with it? "It was stamped with the name of the city, and the postage stamp cancelled, and it was then put on a train to be sent away."

And after it goes on the rain, what then: is it just unloaded at the other end of the railway line? "No," you tell me, "there must be men on the train to sort the letters and arrange them for the places to which they are to go."

When the letter goes to the city to which you have addressed it, what becomes of it? "Oh, it must go to the postoffice and pass into the hands of the letter-carrier, and finally be delivered at the door of the house to which it is addressed."

All this is very interesting; but who or what *does* this? "The postoffice?" Well, does the postoffice run itself? "No," you admit, "it could not run itself." Then is it just like an express company? When you take a package to an express office, you get a receipt for it, and it is sent by the company to its destination and delivered there.

And who or what constitutes an Express Company? "Individual men," you say, "a number of citizens." And what do we call that sort of a company? Is it a government institution?

"No, they are not government institutions." What shall we call them, then? "You don't know?" I will tell you; we will call them private companies. Suppose we named an Express Company a private enterprise.

Now is the postoffice also a private enterprise? "Not at all," you answer, "the post office is run by the government."

It is your country or your government that takes care of your letter when you put it in the letter-box, is it? Then we have made a discovery.

What does it cost to send a letter anywhere in the United States? "A two-cent stamp?" Yes; but suppose the government did not take care of the post office?

What if the management of your letters were in the hands of private companies, like an Express Company, do you think that your letter could be sent for a two-cent stamp? "You do not know?" For my part, I doubt it; in all probability it would cost a great many times two cents.

What makes it cheaper, do you suppose, when the government does it? Can you see any reason? "Why," you point out, "it is because it is all done by one company." Yes, you are right there; it is all done by one company, and so it can be done more cheaply.

It strikes me, then, that you cannot say, as perhaps you did at the outset, that we should have no use for a government or have no "country" to care for, if there were no war, or if there was always peace and good will among the people. We might be glad to have a government just in order to have a post office.

Where is the main center for the management of the post office? In what part of the country? "At Washington?" Of course. But do you know who looks after it, who directs it, who is at the head of it? "The President of the United States?" True, in a general sense, inasmuch as he has to look after everything connected with the national government.

But what special officer manages the post office? "You do not know?" I will tell you. He is called the Postmaster General. And do you know who holds this position just now? If not, suppose you find out and let me know next time.

By the way, have you any idea what it costs to carry on the post office in this country? How many letters are sent in the course of a year? Can you tell me how many letters go from the post office in your town or city in one day?

Note to the teacher: At this point give the members of the class the answer in figures to the above question, getting them from the right sources. Have the figures written down so as to impress the young people with the largeness of the post office, making them feel what an immense institution it is, and what a tremendous enterprise is carried on in this way by means of their government. Keep in mind aways that these incidental facts are merely introduced in order to emphasize the one point as to what service we receive from our country, and what it does for us. It is necessary to go into these details in order to emphasize the main fact. But do not teach this to the pupils as it if were a mere lesson in "Civics." On the other hand, a great deal must be made of this point, because we wish to have the young people see how much more there is to "government" of their "Country" than the mere police force or the army. It is vitally important to shift the attention of the young to this other side, as it is this other side which is destined to become more and more important in the futrue.

But is the post office the only public institution you can think of? Have you in mind anything else that our government takes care of, or provides us with, besides the post office?

Suppose you were crossing the Atlantic in a steamship, and were to come near to the shores of America in the evening, what would you see at different points where the land jutted out into the sea? "Lights?"

What would these lights come from? "Light Houses?" Yes. And where are these light houses? "Why, they are along the coast."

Who built these light houses?—the steamship companies, do you fancy "No," you assert, "not the steamship companies, because the light houses would cost too much, and perhaps such companies would not be able to build them." Yes, that may be true.

Then where do we get these light houses; how are they built, and how are they managed? "It all comes through the United States Government?"

Then we have found another great institution provided for us by our country. See what it means; realize that if it were not for those light houses, hundreds or thousands of ships would go to wreck every year.

Have you any idea how many light houses there are, and what it costs to manage them?

Note to the teacher: In the same way, if possible, give some figures on this subject, and some notion of the vast extent of the lighthouse system of America, also any incidental details which could be thrown in, with descriptions of the bell-buoys, or of the foghorns made to blow by the motion of the waves in the water. Point out how our government has developed this beautiful system little by little ,and done all this for us in order to protect the lives and the property of the citizens.

But we must not stop here; we must go on and find out more about what our country does for us in a positive way. Can you think of anything else? Have any of you ever seen the Mississippi River?

If so, have you observed the steamers coming up and down the river? Where do they go to? "Why," you say, "to St. Paul and to New Orleans." But how can they do so? I ask you. We are told that the bottom of this river is all the time filling up at one place or another.

"Oh," you add, "there is dredging going on." What do you mean by dredging? "Why, here and there the channel is cleared out and the banks made stronger."

But who does this work; do you think it is all done by the steamship companies? "You don't know?" I can assure you that this, too, is done by the government. It is provided for us in the same way that the great light house system is provided, through the fact that we are the citizens of a sovereign state or nation.

In connection with what is done for the water-ways in our country, what about the harbors along the coast? Can vessels run in anywhere along the shore of the Atlantic Ocean, do you suppose? "No, indeed," you exclaim.

And why not? There is plenty of shore. "Yes," you add, "too much of it, because there would be the rocks besides; or on the other hand," you tell me, "before the vessels come to land, they might strike the bottom where it was shallow, and be held there."

If, then, vessels are to come to our cities or ports, what has to be done? "As to that," you explain, "harbors must be provided; channels opened; rocks cleared away."

And who will do all this—the steamship companies? "You doubt it?" And why not? "Because it would cost so much; they cannot afford it." Yes, but they are the only ones to be benefited. "We are not so sure about that," you assert.

How is that? I ask. "Why, the whole country is benefited if there are good harbors by which the commerce of the nation can be increased." Yes, that is the point. It is because the benefit comes to the nation as a whole, that as a rule, the nation as a whole pays for it.

Do you know what the bill, according to which the money for this purpose is provided in Congress, is called? It has a pretty big name. What is the title? "River and Harbor Bill?" Yes, and vast sums of money are expended on the appropriation made for such bills.

Note to the teacher: The actual figures for the expenditures for Rivers and Harbors in any one year in this country might be given, as well as the expenditures for a whole decade or a series of decades. No effort need be made on the part of the pupils to remember the amounts. What we wish to do is to impress the importance of the whole subject on the minds of the class members. Our aim here is to touch the sentiments of the young by making them appreciate the services rendered to the citizens through the state or government.

Is this all? Anything else besides Rivers and Harbors? If you were thinking of going on an excursion some Saturday, what do you do in advance in order to find out what the weather is going to be? "Oh," you say, "we look at the skies, study the clouds."

Yes, that is very true. But what else? "Why, we read the newspapers to see what the weather probabilities are."

Where do the newspapers get that knowledge; do they furnish it themselves; do the reporters on the newspapers study the skies, and investigate the conditions, so as to put down what the probabilities are?

"No, it is the Weather Bureau." But who or what is the Weather Bureau; what does all that mean?

"Oh, it is the men all over the United States who find out about the conditions of the weather, and then report to one another, and so are able to make some sort of prophecy as to whether it will rain tomorrow."

Is this Weather Bureau just like an Express Company; is it a private enterprise? "No," you assure me, "it is managed by the government."

Yes, you are right; and there we have another institution carried on by our country—our Weather Bureau. "True," you say, "but the Weather Bureau isn't always right." Yes, I am sorry to say that is the case.

However, the Weather Bureau is sometimes right; and it is therefore better than nothing. We must remember that such an institution can only develop gradually. We shall hope that the Weather Bureau will improve more and more, so that later on, by the time you are grown up, we can know more accurately about this matter, and what the weather is going to be each day, than we do at the present time.

We have collected a good many points today in regard to what our government does for us. Is it possible, after all, that even if we did not have policemen or soldiers, we should still be glad that we had a country and a government?

And what are the institutions we have mentioned? name them over. What was the last one? "The Weather Bureau." Yes, and the others? "The light house system." True. And what else? "Looking after the Rivers and Harbors?" Yes; and what besides? "The post office?" Surely.

Let me introduce one further illustration here. Did you ever see any books with dark-looking covers coming from the national government, and bearing its imprint upon them? They are usully big and thick and not very attractive to the eye. What are they, do you suppose? "Reports of one kind or another?" Yes, and who reads them? Are they of any real value?

"It must be so, or else the government would not print them." Yes, you are right. These reports are very valuable and they are read by just that class of persons who need the information contained there.

Who got out these reports? "Officers?" True. There are hundreds and hundreds of volumes of this kind published by our government, which you probably never see. But they contain stores of valuable knowledge for those who need such information.

And how about the Public School System, for example? There is a National Superintendent of Education, who collects facts and figures in great numbers, and publishes annual reports which are of the greatest value for teachers or educators.

All this, however, is only a beginning. I wish you would be thinking it over. There is a great deal more which our country does for us. See if you cannot tell me next time some of the things which we have not mentioned today.

Points of the Lesson.

Our country serves us by its government through
I. Its postoffice.
II. Care of waterways.
III. Work on the harbors.
IV. Lighthouse system.
V. The weather bureau.
VI. Reports and publications.

Memory Gem.

"One flag, one land,
One heart, one hand,
One nation, evermore."

Poem.

"O, the pleasant days of old, which so often people praise!" —Frances Brown.

FURTHER SUGGESTIONS TO THE TEACHER—It will be understood that this and the following lesson belong together. The subject is divided merely for the sake of convenience. Care should be taken not to enter into any discussion as to the policy of nationalizing industries or enlarging the system of municipal ownership. This would involve "politics" and have no place in our series of lessons. What we should do would be to deal with facts as they are using these facts as a means of impressing the minds of the young people with the importance of their country and its government. The poem which has been introduced is not very valuable as literature, but it has a ring to it which may please the class members, and there is a practical suggestion in the sentiment of the closing lines. The points of these two lessons would come out more attractively if pictures could be used from time to time, in order to make the statements more concrete. A blackboard would be especially serviceable in jotting down the points as they are enumerated. The lesson might close with some talk about the "Memory Gem" at the end, asking the question: why the phases of the subject presented here should kindle such a sentiment as these lines convey. Emphasize the word "evermore."

Classic for Recitation.

"Strange! to think how the moth-kings lay up treasures for the moth, and the rust-kings, who are to their people's strength as rust to armour, lay up treasures for the rust; and the robber-kings, treasures for the robber; but how few kings have ever laid up treasures that needed no guarding,—treasures of which, the more thieves there were, the better! Broidered robe, only to be rent,—helm and sword, only to be dimmed; jewel and gold, only to be scattered,—there have been three kinds of kings who have gathered these. Suppose there ever should arise a fourth order of kings, who had read, in some obscure writing of long ago, that there was a fourth kind of treasure, which the jewel and gold could not equal, neither should it be valued with pure gold. A web more fair in the weaving, by Athen's shuttle; an armour, forged in diviner fire by Vulcanian force,—a gold only to be mined in the sun's red heart, where he sets over the Delphian cliffs;—deep-pictured tissue, impenetrable armour, potable gold! the three great Angels of Conduct, Toil and Thought, still calling to us, and waiting at the posts of our doors, to lead us, if we would, with their winged power, and guide us, with their inescapable eyes, by the path which no foot knoweth and which the vulture's eye has not seen. Suppose kings should ever arise, who heard and believed this word, and at last gathered and brought forth treasures of—Wisdom for their people?"—John Ruskin.

The Silent.

There is a sighing in the wood,
A murmur in the beating wave,
The heart has never understood
To tell in words the thoughts they gave.

Yet oft it feels an answering tone,
When wandering on the lonely shore;
And could the lips its voice make known,
'Twould sound as does the ocean's roar.

And oft beneath the windswept pine
Some chord is struck the strain to swell;
Nor sounds nor language can define,—
'Tis not for words or sounds to tell.

'Tis all unheard, that Silent Voice,
Whose goings forth, unknown to all,
Bids bending reed and bird rejoice,
And fills with music Nature's hall.

And in the speechless human heart
It speaks, where'er man's feet have trod;
Beyond the lips' deceitful art,
To tell of Him, the Unseen God.

—JONES VERY.

THE STUDY TABLE.

Book Notes.*

The Roof of the World.—No part of the world is more curious and interesting, few parts are more difficult of access and less known, than the Pamir—"the roof of the world." Those who read French will find Capus's *Le toit du monde* one of the most delightful of books of travel. A third of the book is devoted to a sketch of the progress of discovery in that region. First the old Greek traveler, then the Buddhist missionary, then Marco Polo gave the world information concerning that remarkable mass of lofty table-lands and its magnificent bounding chain of mountains. From the thirteenth century, nothing further was made known until really recent times. To-day, political scheming and land crowding have led even to the assault of the Pamir and Russians from the North, and English, from the South, have pushed in until they have almost seen each other across the plains. Photographs have been taken, paintings of the snow-capped mountains have been made, names have been added to the map, plants and animals, and rocks of the whole region have been gathered for museums, books have been written. But the Frenchman, Capus, has surpassed his English and Russian predecessors. His plan was a bold one and new in two respects. First, he wished to *cross* the country from north to south, thus binding the work of Russians and English together; second, he wished to perform his journey in the winter, a feat naturally declared impossible by all who heard of it. The account he gives us of his journey is a charming and vivid picture of remarkable conditions. The getting in and getting out were the serious problems as the snow drifts heavily into the passes of the bounding mountains, while the plateau itself is fairly free. The snows, the wonderful atmospheric phenomena, the mercury-freezing temperatures, the modes of travel, the conditions of animal and human life at those high altitudes in winter, the difficulties of a *political* nature thrown in the way of the traveler at an altitude of more than ten thousand feet above sea level, the physical and moral peculiarities of the plateau peoples—give, as may easily be imagined, abundant material for interesting description.

Karma.—Paul Carus's *Karma* needs no introduction to our readers, but the recent appearance of a cheaper form than the well known and dainty edition on Japanese crepe paper, gives opportunity to speak a word in regard to its interesting career. For this pretty little story *has had* a career. It has been translated into three German, two French, and one Russian edition; it has been printed also in Japanese, Urdu, Icelandic, Tamil, Singhalese, and Siamese—either in whole, or in part. The most curious of its experiences is in connection with the Russian translation. Printed in Chicago, the book was translated into Russian by Count Tolstoy; under his name, as its author, it was translated from Russian into French; from the French it was translated, as Tolstoy's work, into English and published by a firm in the same block in Chicago from which it was first issued! The story has real value and interest. It is a simple presentation of one of the most important Buddhistic principles.

Babel and Bible.—In this lecture, delivered by the eminent Professor of Assyriology of the University of Berlin before the German emperor, we find a concise and clear presentation of the value and purpose of Assyriological investigations. The central interest in such studies lies in the fact that we here touch on themes already known as important through the Bible. "The long-lasting dynasties here awakened to new life, however potent for history and civilization they may have been, would not have aroused a tithe of their present interest, did they not number among them the names of Amraphel, Sennacherib and Nebuchadnezzar, with whom we have been familiar from childhood." While, however, this interest is undoubtedly important, and has been responsible for the vigorous support of Babylonian research, there are other and many reasons for present day investigation in far-off Mesopotamia. In his discourse Delitsch sketches the highly complex civilization of ancient times, he shows the inter-relations of Bible lands, he emphasizes the world's debt to Babylonia, and shows how not only Old Testament thought but New Testament teaching has been influenced by her philosophy and religion. The story of a teacher to his students, of a philosopher and investigator to his emperor, is simply and vividly told. The translation appears to have been carefully made and the book is abundantly illustrated.

Indian Boyhood.—Among the many books dealing with American Indian life and customs none exceeds in interest and delicate treatment this book by Dr. Charles A. Eastman. The author is, himself, a pure-blooded Sioux Indian. He is a man of education, husband of a white wife, and an honored and respected member of the white community in which his professional life has been cast. He says: "I have put together these fragmentary recollections of my thrilling wild life expressly for the little son who came too late to behold for himself the drama of savage existence." That little lad will enjoy the story, and so will thousands of white boys all over our land. So, too, will grown readers, to whom the simple, earnest narrative will appeal with even greater force. For the student, also, the book has high importance. It does not pretend to be a work on American ethnography, but it contains many glimpses into life and customs which might be sought for in vain elsewhere. Dr. Eastman tells of his own life up to the age of fifteen years. He describes the games and occupations, the ideas and problems, the joys and sorrows of the Indian boy. Any man, of any race, might be proud of producing such a book. To those of us who know and love the Indian, the work will give particular satisfaction. There are few passages in our literature which equal in delicately depicting religious emotion and experience, the chapter; Hakadah's First Offering. Dr. Eastman has entered the white man's life and adopted the white man's ways, but, in so doing, has not lost his love for and his appreciation of, the strong and attractive features of Indian character. His picture of his grandmother, who stood to him in the place of a dead mother, represents her as a noble and strong character, and breathes toward her the love and respect which she richly deserved. The suggestion of Indian attitude and view which he presents in his description of the Maiden's Feast, will be a revelation to many who have looked upon the Indian as an inferior being of brutal instincts. We can not speak in further detail. We will only say in closing that the book will please a wide circle of readers and richly deserves all that can be said in its favor. It is a notable book. The pictures, made by Blumenschein after studies among present-day Sioux Indians, are a satisfactory accompaniment to the text, being at once artistic and painstaking.

FREDERICK STARR.

*"Le Toit du Monde." Guillaume Capus. Paris. Hachette & Co. 1890. 16mo pp. xv. 389.
"Karma: a Story of Buddhist Ethics." Paul Carus. Chicago. The Open Court Co. 16mo pp. vi. 46.
"Babel and Bible. Frederick Delitsch. Chicago: The Open Court Co. 1902. 8vo pp. 66.
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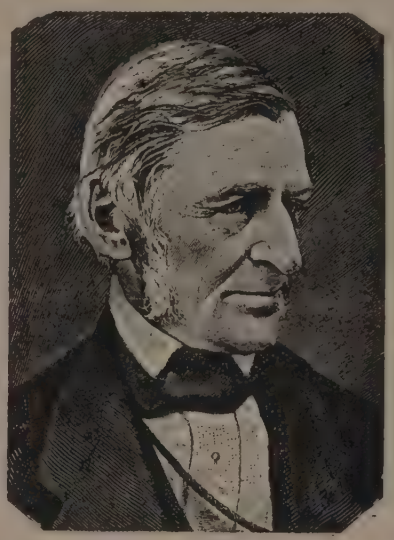
1803 MAY TWENTY-FIFTH 1903

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

A CENTENNIAL APPRECIATION.



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XI.

The Gospel of Emerson.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

"The highest Revelation is, that God is in every man." This is the central word of our Prophet. It was not new to the world.

"God is Spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in Spirit as in Truth, and the Father seeketh such to worship Him." This had been said to the woman at the well in Sychar eighteen hundred years ago.

And sometimes the Father finds them—his own children. They know him. They are pure enough to see him. They listen, and they hear him. He speaks to such a son of His, and he replies, "Lo, here am I, send me."

Such a child of God is he whose birth we remember, and we ask, curiously, pathetically, whether the America he loved loved him; whether the century to which he was born responded to him—and was worthy of him.

The answer is easy—if a man at all knows America—or the Nineteenth Century—or the Twentieth. You have not read a Leading Article in any American journal to-day—which is worth the paper it is written on—but you have been reading Emerson. Very likely the man who wrote the article hardly knows his name—it is even possible that he does not know that he ever read a word of his writings. All the same is it true, that that man lives, and moves, and has his being in his God, as he would not have lived in 1803. That man is not surprised when anyone tells him that "within men is the soul of the whole," that "there is a common heart, of which all sincere conversation is the worship," or that "there is an overpowering reality which confutes our little tricks and talents, and makes every one pass for what he is."

The writer of the leader knows that all this is so, though he may not have read it in these words before.

It is ten or twelve years since, in another state, I spent Saturday, Sunday and Monday in a college town where I was a stranger. As soon as I arrived, I was asked to spend the afternoon at the chapter house of my own College Society in that charming Freemasonry of College Life which does so much to weave this nation into one. The next day I preached to the great body of students, and before Sunday was over I found myself surrounded with spirited and noble young fellows talking to me, even confidentially, of their relations with God and of their duties to mankind.

I said that night to the host who was entertaining me, a near friend of mine, "Do you know that you are in the midst of a religious revival in this college?" and I told him something of my personal experience in private conversation with perhaps a hundred young men. He replied, "Certainly I know it." And I said, "Do you know what has brought it about?" He said, "Oh yes, all of them have their Emerson." This was the precise truth; and I tell the little story in this detail because it could be told—not of one college, but of a hundred colleges; not of one region of the country, simply—it could be told of mining camps in Montana and Idaho; it could be told of students' quarters in Paris; it could be told of the forecastles of schooners lying to under a gale on the Banks.

Our Mr. Wendte told such a story a month or two ago, of a millionaire miner with whom he traveled across the country. The man lamented the poverty of his early education, but he took out of his pocket a well worn copy of the first series of Emerson's Essays, and said, "Somebody left this in the Camp, and do you know I found that this Emerson had put on paper just what I had thought for years and had wanted to say."

Jesus Christ had said, 1850 years before, that "The reign of God is at hand." He had said that God was Spirit—and that we must worship him in Spirit and Truth. He had said that if we were pure in heart we should see God. He had said that he could hear Him and that we might hear Him. And now in the middle of the century this simple, unaffected New England prophet said the same thing. He said it in such a poem as "Over Soul," in such essays as those which were bound in with Nature; and he said it in the simple way which makes men know that it is so.

It is the statement of "THE REAL PRESENCE." These words, as the old writers use them, mean a miraculous presence of the Saviour's body in the bread or wine of Communion. In the larger sense—as Emerson makes us comprehend the Life of the Universe—the REAL PRESENCE means that God is in every man—that He is where life is—"The reign of God is at hand."

There have been a few men in this world so steadfast, so simple, so sincere, that when they speak, you believe them through and through. You accept what they say. It becomes the voice of God—as the Tables of the Law came to be regarded by the old Israelites. These men do not need to present proofs. They know what they have seen, and they say it.

Since the time of the Saviour, Paul was such a man; John of Patmos was such a man; Augustine of Hippo was one; Dante was one; St. Francis of Assisi was one; Thomas-a-Kempis was one; John Wiclif was one; I think John Huss was one. I have suspected that Francis Davidis, the preacher in Hungary was one. Jacob Boehmen was one. Of English blood were John Milton, George Fox and John Wesley. Then Immanuel Swedenborg was one. These men saw God and heard him and knew him. They spoke of him so simply that people knew that it was so. What they said was true.

With his eyes open Emerson chose to join that company. To say simply what is—what he knew. Not to quote—as if this would give him warrant to speak—but to say the thing. This is thus. That is so.

As he came over from Europe in 1833, he put on paper his simple statement, which proved to be the prophecy of his life, of what he meant to do for men. I have already repeated its central word.

I try to imagine the picture of the lonely passenger, before the days of deck chairs. And it seems to me that as the people at Ephesus worshiped a stone, because it fell from Heaven, and as the Mussulman bows in reverence before another stone at Mecca, one can imagine a reverence as of idolatry attaching itself to that forgotten packet-ship in which Emerson sailed westward to America in 1833, after his first visit to that side of the world.

He had squeezed the orange of Europe, and the ocean for him marked an era. His journal on the deck of that packet-ship begins thus:

"Liverpool, September 1, 1833. I thank the great God who has led me through this European scene—this last school-room in which He has pleased to instruct me—in safety and pleasure, and has now brought me to the shore, and to the ship that steers westward. He has shown me the men I wished to see, Landor, Coleridge, Carlyle, Wordsworth. He has thereby comforted and confirmed me in my convictions. Many things I owe to the sight of these men. I shall judge more justly, less timidly, of wise men for evermore."

That was what the four great men of his young enthusiasm had taught him—simply, how small men they were—not to trust great men too much.

"The error of Religionists lies in this: that they do not know the extent, or the harmony, or the depth of their moral nature. They are clinging to little positive versions of the moral law, while the Infinite Laws are all unobserved, and sneered at when spoken of, as frigid and insufficient."

And in the same entry in the same journal:

"The purpose of life seems to be to acquaint man with himself. He is not to live in the future as described to him, but to live to the real future by living to the real present."

And again:

"The highest revelation is that God is in every man. Milton describes himself as enamored of moral perfection. He did not love it more than I. That which I cannot yet declare has been my angel from childhood until now. It has separated me from men. It has watered my pillow. It has driven sleep from my bed. It has tortured me for my guilt. It has inspired me with hope. It cannot be defeated by my defeats. It cannot be questioned, though all the martyrs apostatize. It is always the glory that shall be revealed. It is the open secret of the Universe. And it is only the feebleness and dust of the observer that makes it the future. The whole is now at the bottom of his heart.

"Is it not a sufficient reply to the worldling, coloring as he affirms his unbelief, to say, 'Think on living. I have to do no more than you with that question of a future life. I believe in this life. I believe it continues. As long as I am here, I plainly read my duties as writ with pencil of Fire. They speak not of Death. They are woven of Immortal Thread.'"

"Woven of Immortal Thread," indeed!

Heaven is here, if I choose. The Kingdom of Heaven is at hand.

As I have said, there are hardly fifteen modern prophets who have so lived in the Father's life, who have so partaken of the divine nature, who have so created as God creates, and so spoken with the simplicity with which God speaks, that they have swayed the hearts and lives of the great host of their times who heard them. The last of such prophets is he whose birth we celebrate to-day. For the people who speak this English tongue which he so loved, and in which he breathed his word, he speaks the word so that they must hear. To him a new-born child is a "bud of God." Carlyle's word, when it is true, is for him the "word of God." The steamship's shuttle, as it dashes back and forth across the ocean, is the message of God. "In God," again, when we read this prophet's word, "we live and move and have our being."

As we read these words, and as we receive them once more—looking backward, is it? or forward, is it?—we see how God is all in all. This is no alien life which sets the elm-leaf dancing against the blue. It does not differ from the life which I draw in in the joy of this new-born day. It is the same life with which my baby lives, as she exults in the joy of being. Once more, when I listen to this prophet's word I know what was meant when I was told that if I live as a child of God I shall know him and his kingdom—nay, that I may myself enter into the majestiy of that empire, if I will become as a little child.

I do not say, I do not need to say, that the prophet who thus exalts me for the moment, who lifts me above dust and smoke and things into the ether of the spirit and of the present heaven—I do not say that he *understands* all the work of God as He handles matter, or that he explains it. Why should he understand it? Why should he explain it? It is enough if he *comprehend* it, if he take that life into his own, if he succeed when he bids his life beat with the pulses of infinite life, if he rise to so high a plane that he looks beyond the horizon of earth, beyond the horizon of Arcturus and Orion, if he know what is the more abundant Life which the Saviour promises to you and me. To avoid the temptation of explaining; the temptation of earth and the flesh; of writing down on tablets the mechanical laws which regulate friction and pain and hatred and cruelty and the other accidents of time and flesh—to avoid the temptation of throwing away life upon such conundrums—this gives the true prophet his infinite empire. And in him whom we celebrate to-night, whom we shall remember to-morrow, and with every day of the next year, whether we would or no, there was a glad certainty that he could use these things of time so that the very angels of light should receive him—yes, while he was using them—into their everlasting habitations.

It is easy to see how the whole work of the world is affected by the general welcome given to such philosophy of practical life. I do not say merely the formal agreement to its postulates in words, as one signs some document of convention or precedent. I mean the daily and constant conception of such postulates as one works and plays—as he goes and comes.

The constable who arrests a criminal, the judge who tries him, the jury who convict him, the prison chaplain who tries to help him, are taught in one ce that he is a child of hell and incapable of good. They are taught in another century that he is a child of God—they are taught that God is in every man. Not only are they taught this, but they see it, they feel it, they know it; and even the man who writes down their action to describe it in the daily journals hears, knows, and is what they hear, know, and are. Think how entirely different the action of every one of the five is in the one case from the action of him in the other condition. Figure to yourself, if you can, that poor Tantalus of a hundred years ago who, with his eternal sieve, lifted the waters which were gone before he knew it, and which he had to struggle for again.

To know that the whole universe is on my side as I try to do my duty is to make of every duty a privilege and a pleasure. I accept the universe, then, as the young Apollo goes out to drive the chariot of the sun; as young Prometheus goes out to kindle the fires of the world; as a new Columbus goes out to find white paper for its history. I work with God then, and God works with me. As Horatio Stebbins said so well, I spell Nature with a large *N*, and from that moment in every breath I draw, in every breeze upon my face, in every landscape before me, I know that I, too, am one of the makers. I, too, create; I am of the blood-royal; and it is with no self-distrust, or

self-abnegation, or self-abuse that I go about my Father's business. Time becomes, as it should become, simply a differential in the great curve which we call Eternity.

In the discussions of the Reformation as to the mysteries of consubstantiation and transubstantiation, the "real presence" was constantly spoken of in connection with the Lord's Supper. Men were seeking the Real Presence of God the Son in the wafer and the wine. If we care to lift a symbol to a reality and to give new meaning to the words, we may say that Emerson on the one side and the men who teach us the correlation of forces on the other side have established the Real Presence of God. That is the Twentieth Century statement when men wish to say "the reign of God is at hand."

I am an old man, and I believe it is worth saying that quite within my manhood the words optimist and optimism were new words in the everyday vocabularies. I have somewhere an old letter which came to me in the tide of a clergyman's daily correspondence, in which some unknown friend asks me what the two words mean, because, though he sees them used in literature sometimes, he cannot find them in the dictionary at his hand. Naturally enough, for a world which had been taught that even for its salvation from hell it was dependent upon a raft fitted out by one great exception to save a few from shipwreck.

Such ground had Frederick Hedge for saying that a constant optimism is the only basis of human philosophy.

Whereunto shall I liken the presence of God? Whereunto, indeed!

It is like the presence of the heat of the sun, of its light, of what men call its glory. The sun turned round and round the other day, and flung off this little speck which we call the world. It is only a few hundred billion centuries ago, but the sun does not forget this child. He shines on the child, he warms the child; hour by hour and minute by minute the sun renews the child's life.

And one day, in his wanderings and gropings, man, child of earth, finds a little bit of the old sun. He calls it *"radium,"* because it is a ray of the sun. It shines, as the sun shines. It warms me as the sun warms me; and it is not smaller or weaker or colder because I am warmer. Year in, year out, it is the same, as the sun is the same.

And this is but a poor little Parable. How can *Things* supply words for *Ideas?* Whereunto shall I liken the kingdom of God, indeed! This Parable is a thing of yesterday—of a few hundred billions of centuries only at the outside. But the great reality with which we pretend to compare it is the Life without beginning and without end, to which there is no yesterday, no to-day, and no to-morrow.

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We live by Faith; but Faith is not the slave
  Of text and legend. Reason's voice and God's,
  Nature's and Duty's, never are at odds.
What asks our Father of His children save
Justice and mercy and humility,
  A reasonable service of good deeds,
Pure living, tenderness to human needs,
Reverence and trust and prayer for light to see
The Master's footprints in our daily ways?
  No knotted scourge nor sacrificial knife,
  But the calm beauty of an ordered life,
Whose very breathing is unwonted praise!
  A life that stands as all true lives have stood,
  Firm-rooted in the faith that God is good.

—*Whittier.*

UNITY

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY

THE UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY

3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago

$2.00 PER ANNUM.

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

Foreign Notes.

For a short time now UNITY'S foreign notes will really come from across the sea. Leaving Chicago, Sunday, August 9, your correspondent sped on toward New York, enjoying from Buffalo onward a return to the beautiful scenery traversed by the D. L. & W. railroad. Hoboken was reached Monday evening, New York City was crossed in record-breaking time, and bed-time found her in a cousin's charming rural home at New Rochelle. Tuesday's principal event was a trolley ride to Yonkers for a lunch with another ex-member of Dr. Brundage's congregation in Albany. Here she learned with deep regret particulars of the breakdown of our former efficient Middle States Secretary, Rev. D. W. Morehouse.

Wednesday morning good-byes were said to the friends at New Rochelle, and by 8:30, M. E. H. was looking up stateroom, steamer-chair and mail aboard the S. S. Statendam, outward bound for Holland. Having elected to go in the second cabin, not a little curiosity was felt both as to accommodations and fellow passengers. Among the latter she had hoped to find Mr. John Fretwell, bound, like herself, for the International Council at Amsterdam. Instead, there was but a letter announcing his inability to catch this steamer, and leaving it uncertain whether he had any hope of making the trip by another.

At the present writing (August 20) we are eight days out, and, with the exception of a little group of Hungarians and others, shut out by a barrier of language, the heterogeneous elements thrown together in the second cabin have, by the inevitable welding process that goes on at sea, become fused into a more or less homogeneous whole. It is not a professional or academic crowd; far from it. It includes, one might say, "the butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker," while the retired sea captain, the dressmaker, teacher, kindergärtnerin, concert singer, and I know not what other occupations are represented.

Here are two American youths, acrobats and vaudeville performers, who, having traveled most of the New World, are now going out to fill engagements in Amsterdam, Brussels and London, their main equipment keen mother-wit, good nature and an ability to make folks laugh. Without linguistic accomplishment, they are rapidly picking up in this polyglott assemblage, the foreign words and phrases necessary to make their coming stage business in the Netherlands duly effective. Notwithstanding a certain boisterousness, even the watchful German mother with a young-lady daughter, cordially admits that, notwithstanding their profession, she has heard no word from them that was offensive.

Two other fine-looking fellows, one a high school teacher from New Jersey, are going over to study in German universities. A brother and sister, tall, vigorous and wholesome, but so frank and unsophisticated that one feels like dubbing them the "innocents abroad," are going to visit relatives, as are several others, old and young.

Here, too, one may observe how the military systems of Europe call home the young men, even from far America. One young business man from St. Louis goes home after five years under the Stars and Stripes, to serve his time in the German army, and save his property from forfeiture. The Kaiser, he says, knows no German-Americans, but only Germans and Americans. Similarly here is a Dutchman on his

way back for military service in Holland, while the deck-steward tells with some bitterness how he had to sacrifice a much better employment and position in England to serve his time in the Dutch army. Another pathetic sight is a slight-framed, sad-eyed Boer of shattered health and fortunes, whose face grows white and set as he talks of the hopeless campaigns, if any one ventures to maintain that the English were in the right in that terrible war.

But I must not linger over the passengers. The weather for the most part has been extraordinarily fine; sunny days and moonlight nights at the start, a little rain, then more days of sunshine, two days of cloud and rain, and now to-day (Friday, August 21) most glorious sun and air as we sailed from morn to night in sight of the English coast. To-night we reach Boulogne-sur-mer, but too late to land the few passengers who stop there, which means we shall be later than we had hoped in reaching Rotterdam to-morrow.

So pleasant has been the voyage, so fine the table, so comfortable all accommodations, and above all so abounding the courtesy and thoughtfulness of the officers in meeting or anticipating our every wish that we are really half reluctant to land. An excellent band has furnished us music morning and afternoon, on deck and in the dining-room on alternate evenings, so dancing has been the favorite amusement of the young people, while spacious decks, smoking-room and ladies' parlor have given opportunity for all to find some comfortable spot. Games in the dining-room beguiled the rainy evenings, and the only omission we could possibly note was the absence of any form of religious service on Sunday. This was no doubt mainly due to the fact that there was no preacher among us, though there were at least two Catholic priests in the first cabin. Take it all in all, I believe there is no dissent from the opinion that it would be hard to beat this delightful passage and that we cordially commend to our traveling friends the Holland-America line of steamships. M. E. H.

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